

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB. 1, 1881.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1898.

NO. 49.

SUMMER FIXINGS.

The kind you want for these hot June days. We've mapped out a policy for June that started with a rush last week. We want to make June one of our best months, and have determined to make prices through the line that are bound to prove good reading.

24 Iron Beds

Added to our stock. A little beauty with brass knobs and rail full size at \$5.98.

Mattings

Broken lots at greatly reduced prices. See them.

Rugs

Fiber Rugs, cool and inviting, the ideal Rug for hall or veranda.

Prices, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$6.00.

For Frugal People.

Nothing appeals to the housekeeper like an up-to-date Refrigerator. See our new line. 15 patterns. Prices \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00. We guarantee the most perfect insulation.

See Our New

Line Of Hammocks,

Prices from 75c to \$4.00.

Cut Prices this Week on Odd Lines of Wall Paper.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Carpets, Furniture Wall Paper.

LEXINGTON, KY.

BLUEGRASS Seed Strippers.

Ten New Stivers'

BLUEGRASS SEED MACHINES FOR SALE.

Built by J. H. Stivers

Full line of repairs on hand.

O. EDWARDS.

Also, the best line of

Tongue and Tongueless Cultivators

in town:

Delta Banner.

New Western,

Acme Spring Trip.

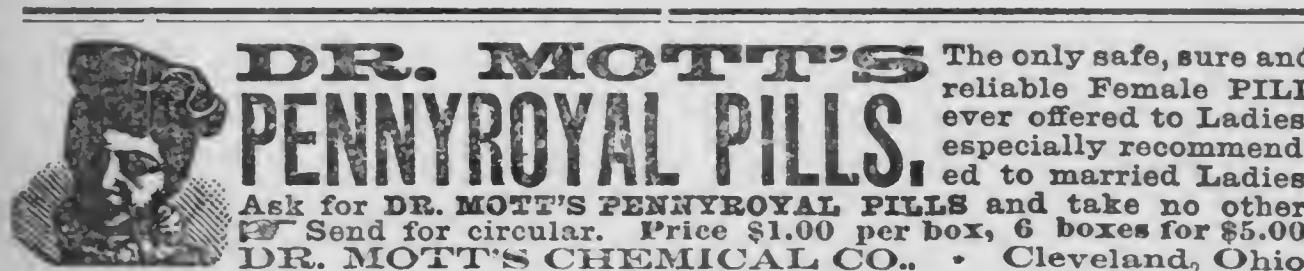
Call and examine goods and get prices.

O. EDWARDS.

GOING DOWN HILL.

People suffering from Kidney Diseases, feel a gradual but steady loss of strength and vitality. They should lose no time in trying Foley's Kidney Cure, a Guaranteed Preparation.

Sold by James Kennedy, Druggist.



Why H. S. Stout Succeeds.

Here are a few reasons why H. S. Stout has succeeded in building up the largest tailoring business in Paris:

FIRST—He recognized the fact that five years ago that the only day of big profits and small sales was past.

SECOND—He cuts the price of tailor-made garments at least 40 PER CENT.

THIRD—He kept up the quality of his materials, his styles and his workmanship.

FOURTH—He always does as he advertised.

AS A RESULT.

As a result of this system he has built up a large trade that appreciates the fact that they save twenty dollars on a single Suit or Overcoat. "Many customers at a small profit rather than a few customers at a big profit," says H. S. Stout.

If you want credit, your high-price tailor gladly extends it, for he makes you pay dearly for it in the end.

Why not turn over a new leaf—wear the best, save money, by giving H. S. Stout a trial?

He makes the Finest Imported Suits for

\$30.00 AND \$35.00.

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.
H. S. STOUT, Manager.

JOE MUNSON, Cutter.

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered in And About The

Burg.

Mrs. W. M. Miller has been very ill for the past week.

Dr. H. A. Smith, of Paris, visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Martin O'Neal visited his father at Mayslick, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. J. Will Clarke visited friends near Georgetown, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Jas. Dundon visited his sister, Mrs. J. P. Sullivan, at Centerville, Sunday.

Miss Lula Best, guest of her aunt, Mrs. Jos. A. Miller, returned to Mason, Friday.

Miss Lusie Robertson, of Mason, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Blanche Darnell.

Miss Katie Lowe, of Hutchinson, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Oscar Johnson, near town.

Mrs. Francis Moore, of Ewing, is the guest of her cousin, Mr. L. S. Marvin, near town.

Mr. John A. Miller's daughter, Miss Mamie, of Atlanta, is very ill with the typhoid fever.

Mr. Lucia Curtis, of Versailles, was the guest of his parents here, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Jno. W. Bonliden came up from Maysville, Saturday, to see his wife, who is visiting here.

Miss Anna B. Engleman, of Stanford, is the guest of Misses Maggie and Kate Rankin, near town.

Mr. Adrain Turner, Jo. Fay and E. P. Clarke went to Cincinnati yesterday to try the tobacco market.

Mr. Jas. F. Woolsom and Mrs. Jas. Cummings, of Maysville, visited relatives in Carlisle, Sunday.

A fine rain fell here Thursday and made a fine tobacco season, and all raisers have finished setting plants.

Mrs. Lou Scudder and Miss Bettie Darnell, of Carlisle, were here Thursday to see Miss Annetta McCutre, who is quite ill.

Messrs. M. D. Kimbrough, Jno. Layson, Jr., and Braden Stevens, of Cynthiana, visited relatives and friends here, Sunday.

Mr. Geo. Taylor, Misses Caroline Taylor, Mamie Lenora Robinson, of Augusta, have been the guests of Mr. Royce Allen, for several days.

H. H. Phillips has bought the handsome soda fountain ever in the 'Burg, and can now furnish you as good a glass of soda as anybody. All kinds of syrups, fruits and Ice Cream. Call and try it.

Lient. Henry Allen, U. S. A., brother of Mr. J. G. Allen, who has been in Russia for several years on government business, has returned to the States, and is now on his way to Cuba with the Second U. S. regular infantry.

Low Rates to Washington, D. C. and Eastern Cities.

On account of the meeting of the National Educational Convention at Washington, D. C., July 8th to 15th, the Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. will sell round trip tickets to Washington from all stations in Kentucky on July 31 to 6th at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip, good to return until July 15th; and subject to an extension of time until August 31st by depositing tickets with the Joint Agent in Washington on or before July 12th.

This is your opportunity to visit Philadelphia, New York and the seashore. Low-rate side trips can be made from Washington to Old Point Comfort and the Seashore.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. has two limited Vested Trains each way daily without change. Its scenery is unsurpassed, its train service unequalled, and is several hours quickest from all Central Kentucky points to so called "Official Routes" via Cincinnati. "A glance at the map will convince you" Avoid delays and changes by taking the Chesapeake and Ohio trains.

For sleeping car reservation or any information write or call on your Ticket Agent, or

GEO. W. BARNEY,
Dis. Pass. Agt.
Lexington, Ky.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable, prompt paying companies—non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Don't use any other but Purity flour from Paris Milling Co.—tell your grocer you want no other. All grocers keep it.

DILL pickle.
McDERMOTT & SPEARS. (tf)

Stay of Watters Party Limited.

The noted Watters Party will remain in Paris but a short time and the days which you can place your orders will soon be past. Their studio at the Hotel Windsor is a very busy place as they are putting the finishing touches on a number of portraits now almost ready for delivery. This opportunity to procure portraits by celebrated artists should not be neglected. Remember their stay in Paris is limited. (tf)

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

Of Murry, Ind., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Murry, Ind., Sept 17, 1896.

THE WRIGHT MEDICAL CO.,

Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR SIRS:—Last spring I purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from

J. C. Davenport, druggist, Bluffton, Ind., and used them for stomach trouble with which I had been afflicted for more than 15 years. Since taking your Capsules I have lost all trace of pain and my stomach is entirely well. I can eat anything and can truthfully say that I have not felt better in years.

Yours Respectfully,

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

Sold by W. T. Brooks at 50c and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for trial size, free.

Yesterday's Temperature.

The following is the temperature as noted yesterday by A. J. Winters & Co., of this city:

7 a. m.	66
8 a. m.	68
9 a. m.	71
10 a. m.	73
11 a. m.	74
12 m.	77
2 p. m.	81
3 p. m.	82
4 p. m.	83
5 p. m.	82
7 p. m.	75

L. & N. Special Rates.

Round-trip \$2.00 to Olympia Springs and return during Summer season.

Parties contemplating a summer tour can get valuable information, timetable, hotel guides and Summer resort booklets by calling on or addressing,

F. B. CARR, Gen'l Agent,
Paris, Ky.

HAVE you seen those new toilet sets at J. T. Hinton's? Prices the lowest; patterns the newest. (tf)

Use Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour—for sale by all grocers. Ask for it. Take no other.

OUR line of men's tan shoes embraces the newest novelties for Spring, from the best manufacturers.

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG.

Your Life Insured—1c. a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and SICK Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 1c. a day. A sight draft on above bank, in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

The very best companies compose my agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm. Non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

PRETTIEST shoes the most exacting woman can conceive—in black and brown leathers—at Davis, Thompson & Isgrig's. (tf)

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

\$3

A Dressy Shoe

AT A

Very Low Price.

Can You Wear 5, 6, 7 or 8?

We had a lot of these Patent Leather Shoes that we sold at \$5.00 and \$6.00.

All sizes are gone but those named above and we will sell them at

Three Dollars.

Just remember this is a saving of

\$2.00 and \$3.00 per pair.

He makes the Finest Imported Suits for

\$30.00 AND \$35.00.

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.

H. S. STOUT, Manager.

JOE MUNSON, Cutter.

We are the people's friends. We repair your linen and put neck bands on free.

HAGGARD & REED.

OFFICIAL

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THE REBEL ARMY.

It is Said Gen. Gomez Can Concentrate Thirty Thousand Armed Men.

A definite Plan for the Co-operation of the Troops Under Gomez With United States Forces When Time Comes Has Been Arranged.

NEW YORK, June 20.—Capt. Rafael Conte, of the Cuban army, has arrived at the headquarters of the Cuban Junta in this city with dispatches from Gen. Gomez. He was accompanied by a lieutenant of the "army of liberation."

Capt. Conte and his companion left Gomez in Las Villas. The general then had with him a body guard of only 60 men—a cavalry escort. There was little food in the region where Gomez was making his headquarters, so he did not mass any large number of men there, but had them spread over a large extent of territory and directed their movements from his headquarters.

He has all the necessary arrangements made for the concentration of troops when the proper time comes, but keeps them scattered and employed in a guerrilla warfare in the meantime so that they may find food.

The captain claims that Gomez can concentrate 30,000 armed men in a short time at any point where it is desirable. There are several thousand more men who are attached to Gomez's army, and are only waiting for arms to be available for defensive or offensive operations.

In a skirmish with guerrillas about three weeks ago, Gomez was wounded in the left arm by a Mauser bullet. The wound healed quickly, however, in spite of the general's advanced age, and when the captain left headquarters the old chief was able to use his arm as well as before he was hit.

After leaving Gomez the envoys made their way to the sea coast, living upon sweet potatoes and fruit which they found along the way. For two days they were without food at all. Finally they reached the sea coast between Matanzas and Cardenas and were taken by a fishing boat to a small cove, where they waited until a vessel of the blockading fleet was reported, when they put off in a row boat and were picked up six miles off the coast.

The vessel which picked them up was the tug Oseola, Capt. Purell. The Oseola is one of the auxiliary fleet. They were nearly naked and nearly famished when they were taken on board the Oseola, but the officers of the vessel supplied them with food and clothing and carried them into Key West. From there they came on at once to this city with their dispatches.

Gomez is now especially desirous of receiving arms and food. It is understood that a definite plan for the co-operation of the troops under Gomez with the United States troops, when the time for such co-operation arrives, has been arranged between the general and the war department at Washington. Meanwhile Gomez will keep his forces scattered.

Capt. Conte says that from information received from Gomez's spies it is known that in all the garrison towns held by the Spaniards sickness is making great ravages among the troops. The hospitals in Havana are so overcrowded with sick that proper medical attention can not be given them, and the number of dead increases every day.

The coal supply of Havana is nearly exhausted, and what there is left has been taken in charge by Blanco, who has his officers supervise consumption. The electric lighting company recently received an order to shut off their dynamos at 9 o'clock so that the coal might be husbanded. Promptly at the hour at which the electric light works shut down Havana is now in darkness.

To Select a Site for a Military Camp.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—Secretary Alger has appointed a board of officers consisting of First Lieut. M. W. Rowell, of the Fifth cavalry, and First Lieut. A. R. Joyce, the adjutant of the Tenth United States Volunteer infantry, to proceed to Sugar Loaf mountain with a view to the selection of a tract of land suitable for a military camp. Sugar Loaf mountain is not far from Harper's Ferry, Va., which locality the war department has considered as offering several eligible locations for the assembling of large bodies of men.

An Absurd Story.

LONDON, June 20.—The Star Saturday published an absurd story from Paris to the effect that Capt. Gen. Augusti has informed the Spanish premier, Senor Segista, that he has handed Manila over to Adm. Didrichs, the commander of the German fleet, who has occupied the citadel and arsenal on the plan of protecting the inhabitants from the insurgents.

The Landing of the Troops.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—A few thousand men will probably be landed at Caimanera to reinforce the marines and complete the capture of Guantanomo. The remainder of the army will land at one or more points near Santiago. Within a few days Washington will be in direct cable communication with Caimanera. The French cable company has sent an expedition to pick up several ends of the Hayton line and re-establish an office there. The new line will be operated by the French company.

MERRIMAC HEROES.

Should They Be Harmed Gen. Pando and Adm. Cervera Will Be Hanged, If They Are Captured.

NEW YORK, June 20. A Washington dispatch says the administration is aroused over Spain's refusal to exchange the Merrimac heroes and will instruct Sampson and Shafter to send



ADMIRAL CERVERA.

(Commander of the Spanish Fleet at Santiago de Cuba.)

A flag of truce to Cervera, informing him that he and Gen. Pando will be hanged when they shall fall into the hands of the Americans, if Hobson and his companions shall be harmed.

MADRID, June 20.—The statement that President McKinley has sent to Adm. Cervera and Gen. Pando messages saying that he would hold them personally responsible for the lives of Lieut. Hobson and his men, has produced a disagreeable impression here in military circles as showing that President McKinley distrusts the military honor of the Spaniards who, on their part, despise all threats. Such messages, it is declared, ended the future exchange of the prisoners most unlikely.

Two Killed in a Wreck.

ESTON, Pa., June 20.—The passenger train on the Central railroad of New Jersey, due here shortly after 6 o'clock Sunday evening, was wrecked six miles above Mauch Chunk, at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, and the engineer, Richard McHale, of Easton, and the news agent, Charles Ebbert, of South Easton, were killed. Wilfred Yeomans, the fireman, and Charles Taylor, the baggage master, both of Easton, were badly hurt.

Riot Narrowly Averted.

CLEVELAND, O., June 20.—A riot between the Hanna and McKisson factions was narrowly averted at the republican county convention here Saturday. The trouble started when the Hannais attempted to organize the convention, which the McKissontes resisted. A wild scene followed. The police made a number of arrests. The Hannais finally withdrew from the hall and are now holding a rump convention.

The Enlistment of Cooks.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—The house committee on military affairs has agreed on and favorably reported to the house bills for the enlistment of a cook in each company, battery and troop of volunteers, with the assistance of detailed enlisted men; also for the recognition of the military service of the officers and enlistment of the 1st regiment, Ohio volunteer light artillery, three months men.

Near Manila.

LONDON, June 20.—The Hong Kong correspondent of the Times says: The rebels hold Manila at their mercy, but Adm. Dewey is anxious that the American troops should have the honor of receiving the Spanish capitulation. The steamer Yuen Sing reports passing the United States troop ship City of Peking on the morning of the 15th near Manila.

Shipping Coal to Honolulu.

TACOMA, Wash., June 20.—J. B. Steele, Hawaiian consul and United States commissioner, has just returned from the east. He says that shipments of coal aggregating 40,000 tons are soon to be made to Honolulu. One American ship, the St. Francis, is now at Baltimore loading a portion of this coal.

Died Suddenly on the Street.

CINCINNATI, June 20.—Dr. H. L. McFarlin, 1639 Fremont street, Fairmount, died suddenly on Hopple street, near the Stockyards station, Saturday morning. Dr. Van Meter was called and said that he probably died from heat. The coroner was notified and the body removed to the late home of deceased.

Soldier Killed by Lightning.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., June 20.—When about to go in bathing at Pablo beach Sunday afternoon James T. Gatewood, private stenographer to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Gatewood was from Richmond, Va., and had been here about a week.

Flour Mills Closed Down.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 20.—Owing to the unsteadiness of the flour market, four of Milwaukee's large flour mills have closed down. There are only two mills running and those on short time. This condition will probably exist until the market becomes settled.

Troops With Camara's Fleet.

GIBRALTAR, June 20.—It is asserted here that six trans-Atlantic liners, having on board 4,000 Spanish troops, accompanied Adm. Camara's fleet.

INSURGENT FLEET.

Nucleus of One Proudly Floats in Manila Bay, Presented by Rich Native.

The Success of the Rebel Forces is Wonderful—Aguinaldo Has Captured 3,000 Spanish Prisoners—Native Proclaims of Independence.

LONDON, June 20.—The Hong Kong correspondent of the Daily Mail telegraphing says:

"A conspicuous object in Manila bay is the nucleus of an insurgent fleet. It consists of a vessel of a hundred tons burden, presented to Gen. Aguinaldo by a rich native. The vessel flies the flag of the Philippine republic—three triangles of red, white and blue on a white ground, or a ground formed of the old rebel flag of the sun rising above the hills.

"The native proclamation of independence was signed on Monday. Manila is completely surrounded by the insurgents, of whom there are three forces deployed about the city, one posted to the south between Malate and the river Pasig; another occupying a position to the east and cutting off communication with the lake or Laguna de Bay, and the third operating on the north side, stopping all railway communication between Manila and the rich supply towns to which the line runs.

"The success of the rebel forces is wonderful. Gen. Aguinaldo has more than surpassed the expectations of those who favored his return to the Philippines. He has captured 3,000 Spanish troops, including 900 regulars. Among the latter are 11 officers of and above the rank of lieutenant colonel, including two brigadier generals, and he has taken 79 officers below the rank of lieutenant colonel. In addition his forces have captured five prominent priests, heads of important parishes in provinces recently overrun by the insurgents. These men the insurgents hate even more than they hate the Spaniards and the rebels chuckle with joy when they point them out in their prisons.

"They have captured, too, Old Cavite church, taking 270 prisoners, and they now hold the entire shore of the bay right round to Malate. A foreign fire brigade, composed of British, Swiss and Germans, who intend to remain ashore, are quartered at the premises of Ker & Co., to guard foreign property against fire, applied to the Spaniards to receive arms, but were refused."

TO APPLY THE TORCH.

Straw and Oil Strewn in the Streets of Caimanera Ready to Wipe the Town From Existence.

OFF GUANTANAMO, June 18, via Kingston, Jamaica, June 20.—Cuban scouts report to-day that the inhabitants of Caimanera have strewn the streets with straw and oil with the intention of destroying the city and fleeing into the hills.

Caimanera lies four miles up the bay from Camp McCalla, under the guns of the American ships, and the situation is desperate. Starving and famine-stricken, convinced of the triumph of the American arms, and without faith in the protection of the Spanish soldiers, the people are believed to have determined to leave their houses in ashes behind them and seek safety in the mountains of the north.

Adm. Camara's Fleet.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—The Cadiz fleet of 16 vessels is still gone and many believed it has sailed for an American point. Many also believe that it has gone on another practice cruise and will come back soon with lights out. Naval officers consider the entire fleet but a matter of finding to

the forestop of the Brooklyn, 2,900 yards distant, the men in the grounds could be noticed, but a minute later dust and flying debris would take their places and when the smoke cleared away only a spot of red earth could be seen—guns and gunners had been swept away. It was the most deadly and destructive bombardment of the war thus far. Scarcely a shot from the big guns of the squadron went astray. The aim of our gunners was superb and not only were the coast forts annihilated, but the batteries on Cayo Smith, up the harbor, were destroyed.

Had all the ships used smokeless powder as did the New Orleans there would remain no signs of guns or fortifications to indicate that there had ever been any defense there.

There were no casualties in the fleet, although the ships held a fixed position as if inviting the Spaniards to fire at them. The half-stripped ships' gunners never worked with more enthusiasm. The words of Adm. Sampson were: "First silence the batteries on the shore and then continue firing until the fortifications are reduced."

This order was strictly obeyed.

It was the first time that such instructions had been given and the men responded with a will. In 38 minutes the order was given to cease firing and the message went to each ship from the admiral, "Well done," and the officers and men turned in for breakfast. Every detail of the engagement had been executed to the letter, from the opening fire by the New York to the last shot from the Iowa. The Spaniards were evidently surprised while strengthening their fortifications.

A Manifesto in Favor of Peace.

ST. JOHNS, N. B., June 18.—Capt. John Bartlett, with a crew of 11 men, sailed Friday night for New York to meet Gen. Peary's Arctic steamer Windward, which will leave that city on a polar expedition about July 1.

Senate Adjourns Until Monday.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—In the executive session of senate held late in the day an agreement was reached to adjourn over until Monday, thus postponing the taking up of the annexation question until that time.

Senate Adjoins Until Monday.

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WASHINGTON, June

GRANDMOTHER.

She sits beside the window wide,
In wooden rocking chair,
Through cap of lace I well can trace
The snowy waves of hair.
So white it shows, so warm it glows,
As sunbeams softly pour
Through window pane and try in vain
To make it gold once more.

I love her eyes—dim, yet so wise,
And, all, so quick to see
The pitfalls deep, the snares that creep,
The trials that threaten me!
I love her cheek, the tines that speak
Of life's long toilsome day,
The tender touch that tells so much
Of patient love once.

So old and bent, so weak and spent,
Yet keeping youth enough
To help and cheer when skies are drear
And ways are steep and rough.
I love to sit where shadows fit,
My head upon her knee,
And feel her arm, so soft and warm,
Close gently over me.

I love to hear upon my ear
The broken voice, so mild,
The long, full day of work and play
Has wearied you, my child!
A tender prayer is in the air,
Oh, sweet, the hour and mood!
And sweet the tone: "My little one,
I trust you have been good."

—*Toronto Globe.*



PART V.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONTINUED.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment, but these two furious, emerised faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the campfire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often: "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! Drink and the devil had done for the rest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the "Hispaniola," when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the vessel, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First,

moving with all care, I gradually bailed out the coracle with my sea-cap; then

getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it

was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, coming over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The "Hispaniola" herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the campfire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through 20 degrees; and almost at the same moment one shot followed another from on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and I knew that the two drunks had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly commended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily, and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last intervened, and in my seasick coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old Admiral Benbow.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE.

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs 40 or 50 feet high and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second, and I saw death upon the rough shore or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Now was that all; for, crawling together on flat tables of rock or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea lions and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed. North of Haulbowline Head the land runs in a long way, leaving at low tide a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now rapidly gaining on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about, and still no soul appeared upon her decks.

I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might battem them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas crackling like cannon, and the blocks thudding and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the "Hispaniola" revolved slowly round her center, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now, redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was toward joy. Round she came, till she was broadside on to me—round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Impossibly tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprung to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the "Hispaniola."

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground, and as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of casting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the seawater that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point, and as the next reach of the sea opened out I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the "Hispaniola," under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought, and long before I had come to a conclusion surprise had taken entire possession of my mind and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The "Hispaniola" was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her all her sails were drawing; she was lying a course about northwest, and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails slivering.

For awhile the ship kept bucking and sidling like a vicious horse, the sail filling, now on one tack, now on another, and the boom swinging to and fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again, too, there would come a cloud of light spray over the bulwark, and a heavy blow of the ship's bows against the swell—so much heavier weather was made of it by this great rigged ship than by my homemade, lop-sided coracle, now gone to the bottom of the sea.

At every jump of the schooner, red-cap slipped to and fro; but—what was ghastly to behold—neither his attitude nor his fixed teeth—disclosing grin was any way disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump, too, Hands appeared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, his feet silting ever the further out, and the whole body canting toward the stern, so that his face became, little by little, hid from me; and at last I could see nothing

and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water breaker beside the fore-companion doubled my growing courage.

I got up, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose, and set myself with all my strength and caution to paddle after the unsteered "Hispaniola." Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bale, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would baffle a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle, dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually bailed out the coracle with my sea-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turned from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two toward land."

No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weakstroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground, and as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of casting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

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THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners.
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Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line-rates.
Obituary, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line.
Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards



Late News of the War.

Blanco has refused to exchange Hobson and his comrades.

At two p. m. yesterday the authorities at Washington have received no word regarding the landing of the troops at Santiago, but it was believed that they had landed.

A cable from Hong Kong yesterday announced that the insurgents at the Philippines had proclaimed a provisional government and had elected Gen. Aguinaldo president.

A cable yesterday from Manila stated that the insurgents had not taken Manila and could not, if Dewey would permit them.

The U. S. troops are expected to arrive June 20th, at Manila.

The navy department at Washington believes that the Cadiz fleet has sailed for the Philippines.

A smokeless powder house at Kings Mills, O., was destroyed by an explosion yesterday. A Spanish spy is suspected.

Eighty-nine Spaniards were killed Wednesday at the bombardment at Guantanamo.

Five columns of war news are printed on page two.

WAR is a game played for "keeps," not for fun. Uncle Sam should retain the Philippines.

Insure in my agency—non-union. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

A Good Memory

often saves money and also good health. If you are troubled with constipation, indigestion or any form of stomach trouble remember to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsi and health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 10c (16 doses 10c) large size 50c and 1.00, of W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

From Camp Thomas.

Camp Thomas.
Chickamauga, Ga.
June 19th.

Col. Gaither has been ill for several days and has been confined to his tent. He will be all right in a day or so.

* * *

Ben Bishop, the wag of Company I, wants some leading physician of Paris, to prepare a petition stating that he was crazy when he joined the army, to secure his release. Bishop says that Cuba must stay free in the future because he won't fight for it again.

* * *

Mac Brooks, of Paris, who enlisted as a member of the hospital corps of the Second Regiment, has been promoted to the position of Steward of the corps.

* * *

The Kentucky soldiers will celebrate the Fourth of July this year with more enthusiasm than usual, for on that day they will get their money for army service. They will get pay for time from date of leaving home. Many of the boys are completely broke.

* * *

The report that fifteen regiments are to leave Chickamauga for Tampa in a few days is a subject of much interest to the Kentucky boys. Most of the boys are anxious to go to the front. It is believed that the Kentucky troops will be sent to Porto Rico.

* * *

The First Kentucky, from Col. Castleman to the negro cooks, was vaccinated Thursday and Friday. The members of the First are complaining on account of short rations. The First's camp is about a mile from the Second and Third Kentucky.

* * *

The two Kentucky troops of cavalry have secured their horses, which were purchased in the Bluegrass State recently.

* * *

The Y. M. C. A. authorities have ordered four more large tents, to be used here at Camp Thomas. They have distributed about 45,000 hymn books among the soldiers. The Y. M. C. A. tents are very popular places for the soldiers, and most of them do all of their writing there, as they are furnished with stationery.

* * *

To-day thirty-one recruits arrived from Lexington for the Second Kentucky, and the following were assigned to Company I, of Paris: John W. Duncan, Eminence; Robt. E. Fitzgerald, Paris; James Murray, Hardin; Wesley Parr, Mercer County; William Brewer, Lexington; H. B. Feltner, Lexington; William Edwards, Lexington; Winter Childers, Beacher; Ballard Dixon, Leslie County; Albert Powell, Jackson; Wm. Sieb, Versailles.

* * *

Though the Kentucky Regiments may not be in a battle hundreds of the members will carry honorable scars to their graves—caused by the vaccination last week.

* * *

About one hundred of the Louisville boys are suffering from poison oak. A grove in their camp is completely over-run with the vine.

* * *

The First and Second Battalions of the Louisville Legion fought a sham battle yesterday.

* * *

Lieutenant Henry Casey, of Company E, has been made Ordnance Officer for the Third Kentucky. Lieutenant Casey is also acting as Veterinary Surgeon for the officers of the First Corps.

* * *

The Second Kentucky has at last received a quota of guns, bayonets, canteens, etc., and has been supplied with 114 additional tents. The First Arkansas and the Fifth Missouri, of the Third Corps, also received their guns Saturday. It is believed that about fourteen regiments are to be moved shortly and that the Second Kentucky will be one of them. Col. Gaither says he has no positive information but that he believes that the Second will be moved inside of two weeks.

The Best War News.

THE Louisville Courier-Journal is now publishing the fullest, most accurate and most reliable war news of any paper in the South or West. It is devoting all its energies to making a reputation for its war reports, and is certainly succeeding admirably. The Courier-Journal has subordinated all other issues to that of the war. Politics, money, civil service, the tariff—all are out of it now. The war is the one topic discussed by the people, and they want the news of it fresh and accurate. The Courier-Journal realizes this, and it is supplying the demand no other paper can do.

The Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal prints the cream of the daily news. It is issued Wednesday and Saturday. The price has recently been cut from \$1 to 50 cents a year, making unquestionably the cheapest, as well as the best, paper published anywhere. You get 104 six or eight-page papers for 50 cents.

By a special arrangement, the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal and THE BOURBON NEWS will be sent one year for only \$2.15, a slight advance over the price of this paper alone. Subscriptions under this offer must be cash, and must invariably be sent direct to THE BOURBON NEWS office, Paris, Ky. (tf)

Bourbon Stake Winners.

TILLO, the great Leonidas colt sold last year by the Turney Bros., of this city, to Rogers & Rose, won the Brooklyn Suburban Saturday at Sheepshead Bay, defeating the mighty Ornament and a field of good horses. The mile and a quarter was run in 2:08 1-5, and the race was worth \$8,000 to the winner. The betting was fifteen to one against Tillo.

Woodford & Buckner's three-year-old cold Pink Coat, by Leonatus, won the St. Louis Derby Saturday, in easy style from the famous Plantit, running the mile and a half in 2:37. The race was worth \$2,000 to the winner.

Turkey Bros. won the second race on the card at Sheepshead Bay Saturday with Rinaldo, by Leonatus. The distance was a mile on the turf, and the time 1:42 2-5. The race was worth \$450 to the winner.

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These remedies will cure about every case in its first stages; and many of those more advanced. It is only the most advanced that are hopeless. Even these are wonderfully relieved and life itself greatly prolonged.

What are these remedies?

Fresh air, proper food and

Advice to
Consumptives

There are three great remedies that every person with weak lungs, or with consumption itself, should understand.

These remedies will cure about every case in its first stages; and many of those more advanced. It is only the most advanced that are hopeless. Even these are wonderfully relieved and life itself greatly prolonged.

What are these remedies?

Fresh air, proper food and

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Be afraid of draughts but not of fresh air.

Eat nutritious food and drink plenty of milk. Do not forget that Scott's Emulsion is the oldest, the most thoroughly tested and the highest endorsed of all remedies for weak throats, weak lungs and consumption in all its stages.

so. and \$1.00; all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble of News and

Comment.

Frankfort sent twenty recruits to the Second Kentucky Regiment last week.

Rev. Nathan Culton, of Richmond, was prostrated by the heat while returning from church.

Kentucky will be allowed a fourth regiment, which will be mobilized at Bell Line Park, at Lexington.

Sugarfoot Lee Hill, of Cincinnati, and Nat. Wilson, of Mt. Sterling, fought a draw in Mt. Sterling last week.

A Montgomery county child born last week will have to struggle through life with the name, "George Lafayette Sampson Dewey Lee Botts."

Clarence Vinegar, negro wife murderer, will hang at Georgetown on Monday, July 18th. Gov. Bradley deserves especial mention for departing from the superstitions custom of naming Friday for the execution.

Important Change on The Frankfort & Cincinnati—Two New Trains.

No. 2 train will leave at 9:30 a. m., and arrive at Frankfort at 11:20 a. m.

No. 8 leaves at 4:30 p. m., and arrives at Frankfort at 8:10 p. m.

No. 2 leaving Frankfort at 7 a. m., arrives at 8:40.

No. 5 leaves Frankfort at 1:15 p. m., and arrives at 4 p. m.

No. 8 leaving at 4:30 will connect with the Q. & C. fast limited at Georgetown, arriving in Cincinnati at 7:25 p. m.

This is a very desirable arrangement for persons going to Cincinnati or points north, east and west of that city.

No. 1 will connect with the Q. & C. fast train south and No. 5 connects at Georgetown with the Q. & C. local passenger from the south.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25c at druggists.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 8:40 p. m.

From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 8:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.

From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.

From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 8:25 p. m.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 8:40 p. m.

To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.

To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:16 p. m.

To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—9:20 a. m.; 5:30 p. m.

From Frankfort—8:40 a. m.; 5:10 p. m.

W. H. COX, Agent.

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m.

War Taxes In Effect July 1st.

COUNTY CLERK ED PATON requests THE NEWS to call attention to the various special stamp taxes that will be effective July 1st.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]
One year.....\$2.00 | Six months.....\$1.00
NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

Ladies, Price & Co. will sell boys' knee pants suits at Cost. This is an opportunity you should not miss. Call and see for yourself.

BOURBON farmers will begin this week to eat wheat.

MR. R. J. BROWN is quite ill at his home at Hutchison.

MILTON R. JACOBY was Friday appointed postmaster at Hutchison.

Beginning July 1st it will take a special two cent stamp on each check to draw money from the banks.

MISS MARY FITHIAN HUTCHCRAFT, daughter of Mr. R. B. Hutchcraft, joined the Christian Church Sunday morning.

CHARITY CLAY, colored, of Claysville, was declared insane Saturday and was taken to the asylum by Constable Joe Williams.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL will be given a pic-nic Friday in Hon. C. M. Clay's woodland, near his residence, "Auvergne."

THE LADIES OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH will give a moonlight fete at the residence of Judge W. M. Purnell, Friday night. Admission, ten cents.

IN NORTH MIDDLETOWN PRECINCT A FEW NIGHTS AGO DOGS KILLED TEN SHEEP FOR J. W. SKILLMAN, SR., FOURTEEN FOR W. M. ROGERS, A NUMBER FOR A. K. YOUNG AND OTHERS.

THE WOODFORD SUN CAME TO US LAST WEEK IN A HANDSOME NEW DRESS, AND CHANGED FROM QUARTO TO FOLIO FORM. THE SUN IS CERTAINLY A MODEL WEEKLY PAPER.

SERGEANT TURNER, OF THE TENTH CAVALRY, U. S. A., HAS ARRIVED IN LEXINGTON, TO GET RECRUTS FOR THE TENTH. HE WILL VISIT PARIS, FRANKFORT AND RICHMOND FOR RECRUTS.

WHEELMEN J. R. HOWE, KARL KOHLMAZ, CHAS. DNDLEY, CHAS. SAUER, JOHN SAUER, H. T. HENRY, OF THIS CITY, ATTENDED THE BICYCLE MEET YESTERDAY AT LEXINGTON.

IN JUDGE WEBB'S COURT YESTERDAY RILEY JACKSON, COLORED, WAS FINED \$15 FOR KICKING ANNIE KELLEY ON THE LIP. WM. SCHULTZ, OF THE "BOWERY," WAS FINED \$15 FOR LOITERING.

AUCTIONEER A. T. FORSYTH LEFT YESTERDAY FOR UNIONTOWN, PA., WHERE HE WILL FRIDAY SELL AT AUCTION FOR J. E. KERN TWENTY-TWO HEAD OF SADDLE AND HARNESS HORSES.

OFFICE MERNAGH LAST NIGHT ARRESTED ANDREW WARREN, COLORED, OF MASON COUNTY, WHO ESCAPED YESTERDAY FROM THE ASYLUM AT LEXINGTON. HE WAS PLACED IN JAIL FOR SAFE KEEPING.

FOR RENT.—A SIX ROOM BRICK RESIDENCE, ON PLEASANT STREET, BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH. POSSESSION GIVEN JULY 1ST. APPLY TO J. T. HINTON.

THE L. & N. EXCURSION TO CINCINNATI SUNDAY WAS PATRONIZED BY SIXTY-FIVE PARISIANS. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS WERE SOLD HERE SUNDAY FOR A COLORED EXCURSION TO MAYSVILLE.

NOW THAT COL. BRYAN HAS COME OUT "AGIN" THE RETENTION OF THE PHILIPPINES, IT IS EXPECTED THAT ALL OF THE BRYAN PAPER, WILL FOLLOW SUIT. SHALL A MEASLEY LITTLE SPANISH KING BEAT UNCLE SAW'S RIGHT BOWER OUT OF THE TRICK?

THE STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE Y. M. C. A. ACKNOWLEDGES THE RECEIPT OF THE SUM OF \$58.50 FROM REV. F. J. CHEEK, OF THIS CITY. THIS SUM IS THE COLLECTION TAKEN UP AT A RECENT UNION MEETING IN THIS CITY, AND IS TO BE USED TOWARDS MAINTAINING A GOSPEL TENT AT THE CAMP OF THE KENTUCKY REGIMENTS.

MR. J. S. WITHERS, OF CYNTHIANA, HAS PRESENTED HIS EIGHT-YEAR-OLD NIECE, LUCIE BELLE MCCHESNEY, OF THIS CITY, WITH A HANDSOME ORGAN, ABOUT SEVEN FEET IN HEIGHT, MADE BY CLOUGH & WARREN. THE INSTRUMENT IS BEAUTIFULLY CARVED, AND WILL BE A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE TO THE RECIPIENT, WHO IS NOW IN MERCER ON A VISIT.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE EXAMINATIONS FOR COLORED TEACHERS WILL BE AT THE COURT-HOUSE, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, (THE 24TH AND 25TH INST) BEGINNING PROMPTLY AT 8:30 A.M.

BUY THE DEERING STEEL BINDER, WITH ROLLER AND BALL BEARINGS, IF YOU WANT A PERFECT AND DURABLE HARVESTING MACHINE.

R. B. HUTCHCRAFT, AGENT.

A NEW LADDER TRUCK IN PROSPECT.

THE PARIS FIRE COMPANY, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN REORGANIZED, IS MAKING LANDABLE EFFORTS TO INCREASE THE EFFICIENCY OF THE DEPARTMENT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. AT A MEETING OF THE COMPANY SATURDAY A PLAN WAS DECIDED UPON TO procure A NEW LADDER-TRUCK TO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ANTIQUE APPARATUS NOW IN USE WHICH HAMMERS THE COMPANY'S MOVEMENTS. A COMMITTEE WAS APPOINTED TO CANVAS THE CITY FOR INDIVIDUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO CREATE A NEW FUND TO PURCHASE A NEW TRUCK. AS THIS IS A WORTHY CAUSE AND A MUCH-NEEDED IMPROVEMENT IT IS HOPE THERE WILL BE A GENEROUS RESPONSE FROM THE CITIZENS. ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED, AND THE FUND WILL BE DEPOSITED WITH MR. GEO. B. ALEXANDER, AT THE NORTHERN BANK. THE COMMITTEE WILL BEGIN A CANVAS OF THE CITY THIS WEEK AND GIVE EVERYONE A CHANCE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE FUND. THE TRUCK WILL BE CHRISTENED "THE CITIZENS' GIFT," AS IT WILL BE SUBSTANTIAL PROOF OF THEIR GENEROSITY.

BOURBON FARMERS WILL BEGIN THIS WEEK TO EAT WHEAT.

MR. R. J. BROWN IS QUITE ILL AT HIS HOME AT HUTCHISON.

MILTON R. JACOBY WAS FRIDAY APPOINTED POSTMASTER AT HUTCHISON.

BEGINNING JULY 1ST IT WILL TAKE A SPECIAL TWO CENT STAMP ON EACH CHECK TO DRAW MONEY FROM THE BANKS.

MISS MARY FITHIAN HUTCHCRAFT, DAUGHTER OF MR. R. B. HUTCHCRAFT, JOINED THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH SUNDAY MORNING.

CHARITY CLAY, COLORED, OF CLAYSVILLE, WAS DECLARED INSANE SATURDAY AND WAS TAKEN TO THE ASYLUM BY CONSTABLE JOE WILLIAMS.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL WILL BE GIVEN A PIC-NIC FRIDAY IN HON. C. M. CLAY'S WOODLAND, NEAR HIS RESIDENCE, "AUVERGNE."

THE LADIES OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH WILL GIVE A MOONLIGHT FETE AT THE RESIDENCE OF JUDGE W. M. PURNELL, FRIDAY NIGHT. ADMISSION, TEN CENTS.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

NOTES HASTILY JOTTED ON THE STREETS, AT THE DEPOTS, IN THE HOTEL LOBBIES AND ELSEWHERE.

—MISS CLARA WILMOTH WILL ENTERTAIN AT WHIST THIS AFTERNOON.

—MISS BESSIE CARTER ARRIVED HOME YESTERDAY FROM OWINGSVILLE.

—MR. ROBT. FRANK HAS RETURNED FROM A VISIT IN CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

—MR. AND MRS. J. T. MARTIN LEFT YES-

TERDAY FOR A VISIT IN VERSAILLES.

—MISS ADDIE GARNER, OF WINCHESTER,

IS THE GUEST OF MRS. SADIE HART.

—MISS ALICE SUELL, OF FAYETTE, IS THE GUEST OF MRS. ETTA QUISENBERY.

—MRS. J. W. HARMON ARRIVED HOME YESTERDAY FROM A VISIT IN VERSAILLES.

—MRS. ROBT. WOOLMANS OF MIDWAY, IS VISITING HER FATHER, MR. B. S. LETTON.

—MR. JULIAN HOWE ATTENDED THE BICYCLE MEET AT LEXINGTON YESTERDAY.

—MISS EDDIE SPEARS HAS RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO FRIENDS IN GEORGETOWN.

—MISS MAMIE ROACH IS VISITING HER AUNT, MRS. M. A. COLLINS, OF FRANKFORT.

—MISS NETTIE HERZOG, OF CINCINNATI, IS THE GUEST OF MR. AND MRS. IKE L. PRICE.

—MISS HELEN COANELL WAS THE GUEST OF MRS. LILLIE JOUETT, IN CYNTHIANA LAST WEEK.

—MRS. EMMA WALKER HARR, OF LEXINGTON, IS THE GUEST OF MISS NELLIE STOKER.

—MISS ETHELLIE PATON IS SPENDING A FEW DAYS WITH HER ANNT, MRS. HUTSON, IN CINCINNATI.

—MRS. JAMES CONNOR, OF THE FORDHAM, SPENT YESTERDAY IN LEXINGTON VISITING RELATIVES.

—MR. BRUCE DAVIS, OF LEXINGTON, WAS THE GUEST OF RELATIVES IN THE CITY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

—MRS. C. M. CLAY, JR., HAS RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO HIS SISTER, MRS. S. M. STONE, OF FRANKFORT.

—MISS CLARA MYRICK, OF RICHMOND, IND., IS THE GUEST OF MISS MARGARET BUTLER, ON VINE STREET.

—MRS. C. N. FITHIAN AND SON LEAVE TODAY FOR A VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN McCLINTOCK, IN RICHMOND.

—MRS. ETTA AND MAMIE MCCLINTOCK ARE SPENDING A FEW DAYS WITH MRS. CHAS. MARSHALL, IN MASON COUNTY.

—MR. MORRIS RENICK RETURNED YESTERDAY TO MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, AFTER A SHORT VISIT TO RELATIVES IN THE COUNTY.

—MISS MARIE PARISH, WHO HAS BEEN ATTENDING THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC, IN CINCINNATI, ARRIVED HOME FRIDAY EVENING.

—MRS. W. A. PARKER, MRS. HIBLER, MRS. WORRELL AND MISS BERRY WENT TO M. STERLING YESTERDAY FOR A SHORT VISIT.

—ABOUT EIGHT COUPLES OF YOUNG PEOPLE WILL ATTEND A PRIVATE BOWLING PARTY THIS EVENING AT PARKS & RICHIEY'S ALLEY.

—MISS KATIE AND JOSIE BIRD, OF SHELBYVILLE, WHO HAVE BEEN VISITING MRS. NEWTON MITCHELL, RETURNED TO THEIR HOME YESTERDAY.

—MRS. AMOS TURNEY AND DAUGHTER, MRS. JESSIE AND LESLIE, LEAVE THIS AFTERNOON FOR NEW YORK TO SPEND THE BALANCE OF THE SUMMER.

—MISS CARRIE FRANK AND GUEST, MISS MATTHEWS, OF LOUISVILLE, WILL LEAVE FRIDAY FOR EATILL SPRINGS. MRS. L. FRANK WILL JOIN THEM NEXT WEEK.

—MRS. BROWN AND MISS MORRIS, OF WALNUT HILLS, AND MISS ALICE BROWN, OF AVONDALE, WHO HAVE BEEN VISITING MRS. AMOS AND MRS. JESSE TURNEY, HAVE RETURNED HOME.

—MISS MARY GRANNON, OF CINCINNATI, WHO HAS BEEN VISITING HER MOTHER, IN THIS CITY, RETURNED HOME YESTERDAY ACCOMPANIED BY HER SISTER, MRS. LIZZIE GRANNON.

—MR. MATT THORNTON, OF CYNTHIANA, WHO HAS BEEN ATTENDING VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, WILL ARRIVE THIS WEEK FROM CYNTHIANA TO SPEND THE SUMMER WITH HIS MILE, MR. MATT HOWARD.

—MISS FLORENCE BARLOW, OF LOUISVILLE, WAS IN THE CITY YESTERDAY. MISS BARLOW IS SOLICITING CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FUND FOR THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT ON OLD INDIAN BATTLEFIELD AT BLUE LICKS.

—VAN HOOF WHISKEY, 50 CENTS PER QUART. MCDERMOTT & SPEARS.

—RACELAND JERSEY BUTTER FOR SALE BY NEWTON MITCHELL.

—ALWAYS ASK FOR PARIS MILLING CO.'S PURITY FLOUR. ALL GROCERS KEEP IT. INSIST ON HAVING PURITY EVERY TIME.

—IT IS WORTH YOUR WHILE TO CALL AND INSPECT THE NEW LINE OF RUGS JUST OPENED BY J. T. HINTON.

—TOO MANY CARPETS ON HAND. COME AND GET ONE CHEAP.

(T.F.) J. T. HINTON.

—J. T. HINTON IS CLOSING OUT HIS BABY CARRIAGES. NOW IS YOUR CHANCE.

(T.F.) J. T. HINTON.

PARRISH, SALLIE JOE HEDGES, MARIE PARISH, BESSIE AND ANNA GARRET TARR; MESSRS. OXFORD HINTON, JIM INGELS, W. M. HINTON, JR., ED. HUTCHCRAFT, ROBT. HINTON, WALTER KEENEY, L. P. SPEARS, JAKE SPEARS, TOM BUCKNER, JOHN SPEARS, DUNCAN TAYLOR, FORD BRENT, ALBERT HINTON, STROTHER QUISENBERY, CHAS. WILMOTH, HENRY LILLESTON, JOHN POWER, HUME PAYNE, DR. L. Q. NELSON.

—THE SUFOLLA CLUB GAVE ITS INITIAL DANCE FRIDAY EVENING AT ODD FELLOWS HALL, AND TO SAY THAT IT WAS A BRILLIANT SUCCESS IS BUT TO VOICE THE EXPRESSION OF EVERY ONE PRESENT. THE LARGE NUMBER OF LOVELY GIRLS PRESENT WERE CHARMING IN SIMPLE, AIRY SUMMER COSTUMES, AND THE LOCAL AND VISITING BEAUTIES AND SAXTON'S MUSIC COMPLETED THE COMPLEMENT FOR A PLEASANT DANCE.

—AMONG THOSE WHO PARTICIPATED WERE: MRS. SUZANNE HAIL AND LIDA ROGERS, OF MAYSVILLE; JULIA HIGGINS, RICHMOND; ADDIE GARNER, ANNA SWIFT PENDLETON, WINCHESTER; ANNE SAWYER, OWENSBORO; HATTIE MADDOX, LOUISVILLE; KATIE LUCAS, MARY STOLL, MARY SWEENEY, MRS. HUGHES BRONSTON, LEXINGTON; ALICE SWEENEY, LIDA ROGERS, SALLIE MAY ANDERSON, GEORGETOWN; MRS. DICKERSON, LUCRETIA BARNES, NICHOLASVILLE; CLARA MYRICK, RICHMOND, IND.; MAMIE MCCLINTOCK, NELLIE MANN, KATIE RUSSELL, LOUISE RUSSELL, ALICE SPEARS, EDDIE SPEARS, MABEL RUSSELL, LOUISE PARRISH, MARIE PARRISH, CLARA WILMOTH, LUCIE KELLER, MILDRED McMILLAN, KATE ALEXANDER, MAMIE RION, SALLIE JOE HEDGES, SADIE HART, NANNIE SWEEINGEN, GRACE SWEEARINGER; MRS. JAMES KELLY, STAIR MONTGOMERY, R. KARERHANSE, J. QUILLAN, P. V. B

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.)
Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Of all the nations, east or west,
Imagination is the best.
Its boundless realms are richer, far,
than all earth's other countries are.
Its azure eyes are more serene,
Its verdant fields a fairer green,
And brooks sing softer music to
An ocean of diviner blue.

Its laughing, blossom-bordered rills
Dance down from Hope's triumphant hills,
Or pause in pools within the date,
Enchanted by the nightingale.
Spring blooms eternal and the rose
Makes fragrant every breeze that blows,
And fruits, with rounded cheeks of wine,
Hang purpling on the tree and vine.

This country is now pencilled on
The little maps that men have drawn.
It is too broad, too high, too great
For mind of man to calculate.
And yet it is not far away,
But here and now, where mortals may,
With gods and graces, wander through
This land where all our dreams come true.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

A STAGE WAIT

By WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

It was really a fine affair; Chedders tow did the thing well, as beffited the father of the bride, and the company wandered over his 20-acre garden, and gazed and gorged and sunned themselves after the fashion of their kind. Though I knew very well what it would be like, I ran down on his invitation, and was now, of course, regretting I had come, as I pensively picked out a clematis-shaded seat, and fell to watching the poses of three young girls in enormous sleeves, who were attitudinizing near a bank of white lilies, with something, too, of the flower's sweet stateliness about them, despite the harlequinade of dress and speech and manner.

A prettily-defined pentagonal shadow fell at my feet, and looking round I saw Mine de Toquerville coming to a halt before me. She is just as well known as Arbuscula—only in another way—the kindliest, wickedest little lady who ever established a reputation to death, or planted a bunch of epigrams upon the grave.

"And Solomon in all his glory!"—she said, nodding towards the three graces, while she sloped her parasol to bring the rose-colored lining to bear upon a cheek which had once dared even the sunshine of Provence.

"It is to be hoped not," I replied, "else the queen of south must have been easily impressed."

"O, they were a commonplace lot," answered madame, lightly. "Solomon was a fraud—Rutan settled that long ago. The queen of Sheba was a very paltry person too—you recollect how she showed her legs—unintentionally—over that mirror? What would she have done if she had seen the cinematograph?"

"Heaven knows," said I, stifling a yawn. "They have one here. We are to be on exhibition, I daresay."

"Yes," laughed madame, "with the added glory of a phonograph for the organ you know." And she glanned in the direction of a marquee towards which the company was beginning to gravitate. "They took pictures of our nobleselves entering the church, within the sacred edifice, as the reverential reporters say, and browsing in the gardens."

"It may be amusing," said I, tentatively.

"It is sure to be," she responded, "for the humor will be strictly unconscious. I am just beside the rood screen, near Mine de Belleville."

"Another representative of La Belle France?" I asked, languidly.

"No, a countrywoman of yours," she answered, "but she was married to a Frenchman; they lived near our estate at Dijon. He died last month." She sighed—the suspicion was not a eulogium on the deceased.

"Rather early to attend a marriage?" I hazarded, being old-fashioned on some matters; "but the suggestion of mourning, now that you mention her recent bereavement, was admirably carried out in the toilet."

Madame smiled and shifted her sunshade.

"By the way, our host was very faithful to his partner," I observed; "she did not marry a second time, though Mrs. Chedderston died when the girl was born, I understand."

"Yes, her first child," replied madame.

"The first! Surely you forget Fred, the engineer, who was killed on the Niger?"

"I do not forget him," said madame, quietly; she was looking sadly at one of the girls, whose profile was turned towards us at the moment. It was her eldest daughter, Miss Lucille. I made some complimentary allusions to the young lady.

"She is well enough," remarked madame, carelessly. "Do you know the other, on the right?"

I shook my head regretfully.

"Indeed! Then shall I introduce you if you are very good. That is Miss Langton, Prof. Langton's daughter," she replied; "we like her exceedingly, for she has been staying at Dijon till quite recently with an invalid aunt. You surely have met the professor?"

"I know him slightly," I answered, remembering how he had wearied me with a most erudite account of "All Fools' day," the last time I saw him; "but my ways are not scholastic."

"No," said madame, with unnecessary warmth of assent. "He is wrapped up in his work, whatever it is, something about the great ark. It is well to have an object in life."

"I wonder whether he will wake to the fact that he has a beautiful daugh-

ter who will want to be settled in life?"

"The fact will probably be brought under his notice," replied madame, looking straight at me.

The girl I alluded to had turned slightly, and the three stood facing us. Lucille was French, the other young lady merely fashionable; but the English maid appeared to me the loveliest I had ever seen. They came in our direction a moment, until Lucille, laughing, said something, and, as if by one impulse, they wheeled with the grace of startled deer and went towards the elbow.

"I wish I could do that!" said madame, referring to the gesture of one, who had passed her slim arm across her back and had caught the other at the bend of the elbow.

"You can afford to say so," I observed. "A Frenchman would have done better," she remarked.

"But I am English, you know," I replied. "Veracity is the badge of all our tribe. We rarely taste the high joy of being truthful and complimentary at the same time."

"But you thrive well on the privation," she laughed, rising. "Now take me to the show," and she slipped her arm within mine. "You really ought to think of getting married," she continued. "Marriage supplies a raison d'être. Did you ever map out a career?"

"Frequently," I replied, "but always failed at reducing the plan of my imagination to the scale of my brains."

"A common fault," observed madame; "but a wife would show you how. A good wife is—"

I was pained, as if it lis-

tening.

"A crown to her husband," said I, wishing to keep the ball rolling.

Madame raised her finger and drew me into the shadow of the clematis. Approaching footsteps sounded on the gravel. A moment later Chedderston and Mine de Belleville appeared. His arm was round her, his iron-gray head bent towards her own, still black as midnight. They passed slowly, utterly oblivious of our presence; nor did my companion move until they had disappeared beyond a noble specimen of Glastonbury thorn masking another path.

"The first chapter in a middle-aged romance," said I. "O, woman!"

"The last, if you please," replied madame; "a suive was written nearly 27 years ago by that great shuffler of destinies, circumstance, and now it will run smoothly to the end."

"Then, you mean to say—"

Madame lifted her graceful shoulders. "Did you ever read 'La Provençale?'" she asked.

"I skimmed through it once," said I, impatiently.

"Then, peruse it again," continued madame, "but substitute for the heroine an English girl. When she was 18, her family sold her in the usual way to a Maj. de Belleville. He spent her money as well as his own and took himself off on active service to Africa. News of his death in Egypt reached her

NOT AFRAID OF ANY HORSE.

How a New Jersey Girl Conquered a Savage Animal That Hated Women.

It is the boast of Miss Margaret Parcell Stewart, of Bordentown, N. J., that she never saw a horse she could not master. Innumerable stories are told of her marvelous control over the most vicious animals, of her hairbreadth escapes and daring feats in the saddle. Her equestrian fame reached the ears of a wealthy New Yorker who owns a splendid thoroughbred which, because of its numerous and vicious attacks on women and girls, had come to be known as the woman hater. The horse was gentle enough with men and boys, but always flew into a rage at the approach of a petticoat. The owner wrote to Miss Stewart, asking her to try her skill on the woman hater, and she gladly offered her services. When she arrived the man was astonished to see a slip of a girl, slight and not overrobust looking, of medium height, with wide blue eyes, golden blonde hair and a real Irish complexion of roses and lilies. She looks far more like a dainty maid who might shriek with terror and run away from a mouse than a girl who is absolutely devoid of physical fear. As a matter of fact, she is full of the pluck which characterized her grandfather, Commodore Charles Stewart.

The woman hater was in his stall when she arrived. The girl at once entered, patted him on the neck and spoke cheerfully to him. The owner and his groom were terrified, but Miss Stewart showed not a sign of fear, though keeping a small riding whip constantly in the horse's sight. The woman hater did not look well pleased, but after a moment or two took from the girl's hand a small apple and inhaled it comfortably. Meanwhile Miss Stewart talked to him constantly, never letting him lose sight of the whip. By and by she put her arm around his neck and passed under his head to the other side. Then she called for the saddle and bridle, which she calmly put on the horse, all the while talking pleasantly and keeping the whip in view. When the woman hater saw that she was about to mount he showed signs of rebellion. Then Miss Stewart, in a distinctly altered tone, shortly ordered him to stand still. To the amazement of observers the horse obeyed at once. A moment later Miss Stewart was in the saddle. Speaking pleasantly once more she started him around the yard, riding him for perhaps ten minutes. Then she dismounted, led him into the stall, and, after taking off the saddle and bridle, gave him another apple. As he ate it she talked to him and petted him, winding up by giving him a lump of sugar. Then she walked out of the stall, followed by an appreciating whinny from the animal, which until her arrival half an hour before would never allow a woman to approach him without endeavoring to attack her savagely.

Then, you mean to say—"

Madame lifted her graceful shoulders. "Did you ever read 'La Provençale?'" she asked.

"I skimmed through it once," said I, impatiently.

"Then, peruse it again," continued madame, "but substitute for the heroine an English girl. When she was 18, her family sold her in the usual way to a Maj. de Belleville. He spent her money as well as his own and took himself off on active service to Africa. News of his death in Egypt reached her

SECTION OF WELL WALL.



BUSY BUMBLE-BEES.

The Part Which These Busy Little Workers Play in the Fertilization of Many Flowers.

Barney Hoskin Standish writes an article on "The Bumble-Bee" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Standish says: The work of the bumble-bee in bringing about the cross-fertilization of flowers is as important as that of the honey-bee, and these two stand at the head of the list of insects useful in this respect. Each has its flowers which it alone visits, but there are many flowers on neutral ground, visited by both. So we may say of the bumble-bee, as of the honey-bee, the more bumble-bee the more seeds; the more seeds the more flowers—especially wild flowers, as the tall bell-flower, touch-me-not, Solomon's-seal, gentian, Dutchmen's-breeches and turtle-head. But probably the most important work this insect does for agriculture is upon the fields of red clover. There is abundant proof that this plant will not produce seed without the cooperation of the bumble-bee. It is impossible for the wind to bring about the fertilization of the seed, as it may do in the case of Indian corn, grain and some forest trees. The tube of red-clover blossoms, too, is so long that other insects (including the honey-bee) are not regular visitors.

Here is proof that this plant must have visits from the bumble-bee. This insect is not a native of Australia, and red clover failed to produce seed there until bumble-bees were imported. As soon as they became numerous the plant could be depended upon for seed. Again, the blossoms of the first crop of the "medium red clover" of our own country are just as perfect as those of the second crop, but there are too few bumble-bees in the field, so early in the season, to produce fertilization; hence little or no seed in this crop. If bumble-bees were sufficiently numerous there is no reason why much larger yields of clover seed might not be expected than at present.

Here is what a well-informed farmer says about it:

"It was formerly thought that the world rested on the shoulders of Atlas. I can prove that its prosperity rests on the bumble-bee. The world cannot prosper without the farmers' product. The farm will not be productive without clover. We cannot raise clover without seed, and we cannot have clover seed without the bumble-bee, because it is this insect that carries the pollen from flower to flower, securing its development and continuance. Let us learn to know and to protect our friends."

BANK POULTRY HOUSE.

A New Idea That Probably Gives the Most Comfortable Quarters That Can Be Built.

The poultry house shown herewith is built into a bank and faces south. The wall up to the surface is of rough stone. There is no door at the east end to let in the cold, the door being on the south.

The practical limit of size for a sewer-pipe well is about two feet in the clear, but even that is too small to work in with comfort. But sewer-pipe seems such an ideal wall that it will be extensively used, anyway. In that case the well should be dug two or three feet deeper after the average well digger says "it is plenty deep enough," even if a pump has to be rigged to keep out the water. Then it should be enlarged for gravel, the bottom pipe rested and plumbed on three brickbats, filled behind with the washed gravel to above high water, and the bottom of the well covered with gravel to a couple of inches above the bottom of the sewer-pipe. This gives free circulation between the water in the gravel behind and that in the well, but no trace of mud can enter.

One thing more and the bottom of the well is complete. Make the space wide enough behind the next sewer-pipe above high water to back it solid with concrete, made, say, of Akron-water lime and gravel poured in behind and, if need be, broken stone tamped into it. This protects the gravel and water behind from any rats or vermin that might burrow into the cavity behind the sewer-pipe above.

The sinking of the bottom sewer-pipe through quicksand, by shrinking to the bottom end a hoop, say of heavy galvanized iron, with the cutting edge projecting a couple of inches below; and the mode of standing on a strip of hard wood laid across and of cutting away and dipping out from under water the sand, clay, etc., and the mode of making the pipe go down plumb by striking the high side, on said wooden strip, with a heavy "jar" can only be indicated here. In the case of old wells where the wall cannot be disturbed with safety, I generally sink deeper by this method.—J. W. Pike, Ohio Farmer.

Best Food in Summer.

Considering the fact that there is usually an abundance of food on the grass plots and in the fields in summer, there is really no necessity for feeding at all in warm weather, but as some will prefer to allow food, the best substance is grain, using only that which is lean, giving none of the fat portions. The meat must be fresh, or it will prove injurious, and the cheaper kinds, such as the neck, liver, and other undesirable portions, will serve the purpose as well as the best. Blood is excellent, as it may be mixed with corn meal and cooked in a bag. It is highly nitrogenous, and gives excellent results. Grain is not necessary in summer, as the hens find substitutes therefor in the form of seeds.—American Gardening.

Crucifix Turkey Chicks.

Little turkeys need no food for the first 24 hours, and then should be fed something light and nutritious. They require considerable care for the first eight or ten weeks. Some growers confine the hen turkey in a movable slat cage the first few days and allow the little ones full liberty. Others instead of confining the hen, tie one of her feet to a peg driven in the ground. Another plan, quite generally followed, is to put the little turkeys inside a large triangular pen and give the hen liberty. The pen is moved frequently to fresh ground. When the little ones can jump over the 12-inch board they wander off full liberty with the hen.—Rural World.

The Best Paying Ducks.

The pure breeds of ducks are kept more profitably than the piddle-ducks, as they can be made to thrive without providing ponds. The breeds best known and which are the most popular are the Peking, Aylesbury, Ronen and Cayuga, the first two breeds being white in color, the Cayuga being black, while the Ronen has a plumage of several colors. These breeds grow to a large size, and individual specimens have reached ten pounds in weight. As they grow rapidly they reach the market at an early age.

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CARL CRAWFORD. ALVA CRAWFORD.

GLAD SHE DIDN'T YELL.

When She Found Out That Her Indiscreet Neighbor Was Not Committing Suicide.

A certain East end man delights in doing odd jobs about his home. He cuts his grass and trims the walks, and handles a paint brush like an old master. Carpenter tools come handy to him, too, and the sound of his merry saw makes pleasant music for the neighbors, who have no objection to being awakened early. In short, he is a clever around workman, and decidedly handy to have about the house.

One day not long ago the woman of the house next door happened to come out on her back porch. There she casually looked over the low fence into the handy man's yard. What she saw scared her so that she couldn't move hand or foot. The handy man was lying prone on his back, his body concealed beneath his shirt, but with his face in strong relief. He was very pale, and his hair was disordered, and his eyes were rolled up and fixed in a ghostly intentness. Against his breast he seemed to be pressing some deadly weapon that glistened as a ray of light touched it.

The woman on the porch tried to scream, and couldn't. She knew the handy man was committing suicide.

He panted, his face grew red, and his form seemed convulsed.

The woman on the porch caught her agonized breath and was about to let out a 40 horse power yell when she heard the supposed suicide anxiously ask:

"Isn't it through yet?"

"Yes," said a voice from above, "it been yester."

About this time the woman on the porch understood that the handy man was boring an anger hole through the floor of his porch, that the deadly weapon was an anger, and that the hired girl was on hand to watch the operation.

Then the woman on the porch was glad she didn't yell.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A FATALITY AVOIDED.

From the Democrat, Goshen, Ind.

When neuralgia is accompanied by a dull, heavy pain near the heart, frequently becoming intense, it generally terminates fatally. Mrs. Nancy Flynn, who lives near Goshen, Indiana, survived such an attack and died of it the next day.

In the fall of '92," she said, "I began to have trouble with my heart. There was a sharp pain in my breast which became rapidly worse. The doctor was puzzled and put me under the influence of opiates. These sharp attacks followed one another at intervals, and I became weak and had a haggard look. I was constantly in pain, seldom slept and had no appetite."

"At the end of two years I was confined to my couch most of the time and the doctors agreed that my death was only a matter of a short time."

One day I noticed in a newspaper an advertisement of a woman having been cured of neuralgia of the heart by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I concluded to try them. "When I had finished one box I noticed an improvement in my condition, and when I had taken the second box I was completely cured. These pills have done for you what we could not do, said one of my physicians, 'they have saved your life.'

"That was two years ago and my heart has not troubled me since. I believe I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I take pleasure in telling others about them."

Among the many forms of neuralgia are headache, nervousness, paralysis, apoplexy and locomotor ataxia. Some of these were considered incurable until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were formulated. To-day thousands testify to having been cured of such diseases by these pills.

Doctors frequently prescribe them and all druggists sell them.

SQUIRE JONES' ECONOMY.

He Raised His Own Tobacco and First Chewed and Then Smoked It.

"The most economical person I ever knew," remarked a West side barber as he turned from a patient customer whom he had been torturing with his wise remarks for half an hour to drop his razor, "was an old lady who always declared that she hated to see anything wasted, even the affections."

"Did you know old Squire Jones?" cried the lithesome speechless customer, rising to a full sitting posture. "Must remember her husband, old Squire Jones."

"Can't say that I do," replied the barber, who, like all his craft, was a wise man and feared a trap of some sort.

"He went the old woman one or two better," continued the customer, "not in words, for he hadn't the gift of gab like some in this city, but in actions, being closer than a twin brother."

"What did he do that indicated greater economy than the sentiment expressed by his wife?" asked the barber, who had recovered his self-possession.

"He was a fearful clinger and used to raise his own tobacco. After he'd got what strength he could out of his quids he would lay them on a shelf and smoke them in a cold pipe of his own manufacture when they got dry."

"He got it all," said the barber.

"He did, but not when he finished smoking. Why, that old fellow used to snuff the ashes. You needn't use any bay rum if it costs five cents extra."—Chicago Chronicle.

Blood-Cleaning.

House-cleaning is a duty in every well-regulated household. People don't wait until the filth becomes painfully apparent, but it stands to reason that in every day use more or less dust or dirt accumulate. It is so with the human blood. From the enormous variety of excretions taken into the stomach, a quantity of useless material is bound to accumulate in the blood and clog the fire and wholesome flow in the vessels. Every person, from time to time, have a "blood-cleaning," and the best cleanse and blood purifier is Castorets Candy Cathartic. We recommend them to all our readers.

Doubtful Meaning.

George—And will you miss me while I am away, Ethel?

Ethel—Indeed I will, George.

That's some consolation to me."

"And to me also, dear."

"Why to you?"

It will be such a consolation to have the pleasure of missing you."—Chicago Evening News.

His Reason.

"What's the matter, Uncle Rube?"

"I've insulted, said; said Cap'n Jones done call me a nigger!"

"Well, aren't you a 'nigger'?"

"Yes, sah; dat's jest it!"—Truth.

Given by Her.

Singleton—Well, how do you take married life?

Benedict—According to directions.—N. Y. World.

The Latter-Day Mystery.

The early sea serpent is outranked this season by the "mysterious cannoneering" off various ports.—Boston Transcript.



She Suffered, Too.

Wife (jealous)—What was that horrid Mrs. Lovely doing in your office for two mortal hours this forenoon?

Husband (a physician)—Why—er—she complained that her face pained her.

Wife—Humph! I guess it doesn't pain her any worse than it does other people.—N. Y. World.

A Hint from Papa.

"I'm going far away," the happy lover sang.

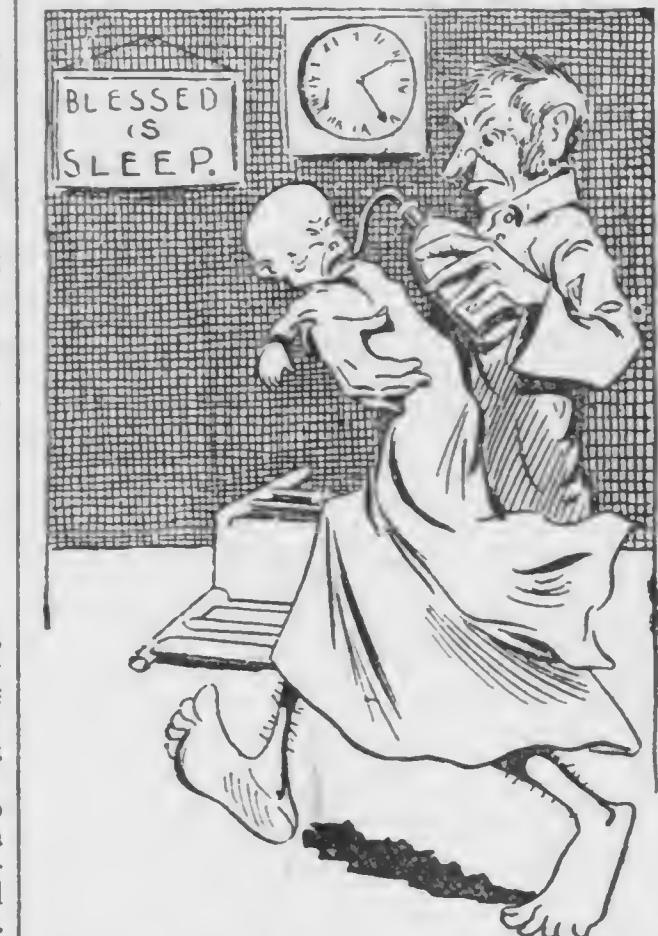
"I'm going far away and leave you now!"

Then her weary father's voice in fiery accents rang:

"Well, you're mighty slow about it, anyhow!"

Cleveland Leader.

LOADING A TEN-POUNDER.



Jones is not a military man, but every night he has to go through the tactics of an artillery man just the same.—N. Y. World.

A Fashion-Maker.

When Adam at night carried the babies about. Because they would fret and complain, He was, quite beyond any shadow of doubt, The first man to walk with a Cain.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Greater Evil.

Rural Pastor (solemnly)—Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.

Mrs. Scribbs—Y—e—s; but it ain't anything to woman's inhumanity to woman.—N. Y. Weekly.

His Familiarity.

Fresherly (slapping Grimshaw on the back)—Hi there, old boy! Don't you know me?

Grimshaw—I don't remember your face, but your manner is very familiar.—N. Y. World.

A Mystery.

"It is a singular thing," soliloquized the philosopher, who had been recently married, "that the weight of some biscuits should be equal to twice the weight of the ingredients of which they are composed."—Puck.

Matrimonial Mincing.

There's peril in the lover's kiss, The learned doctor said, And fully we agree with this Because they're apt to wed.—Town Topics.

NOW WHAT DID HE MEAN?



He—it was an unselfish marriage or her part. I believe she gave up everything when she married that man.

She (who is taking her first yacht trip)—How awful! Was it at sea?—Harlem Life.

A Real Danger.

It's not that the papers are vile they are kept. Away from the girls by their daddies, But their papa must refuse to let them peruse.

These terrible bargain sale ads.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Exactly.

Mrs. Lookout—John, how dare you eat shadroe when there is so much talk of ptomaines?

Mr. Don't Care (her brother)—Easy enough. I never eat ptomaine.—Judge.

Honest Admission.

Wallace—The happiest hours of my life were when I was going to school.

Ferry—I cannot tell a lie. My happiest hours came when school was over for the day.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Summer Sadness.

In autumn we lament the tree Which dies beneath skies so chill and gray. But now it's even worse to see Our collars droop and fade away.—Washington Star.

OF ONE MIND.

Hubby—And what did you think of the play?

Wife—Oh, John! it was simply superb—I was struck dumb—I—

Hubby—Ah, bravo!—you must go again and take you mother.—Ally Sloper.

A Revelation.

Kitty—Why not ask for papa's consent to-night, dear. You will have to face the music sometime.

Jack (gloomily)—It's not the music, but the musician I'm afraid of.—Brooklyn Life.

Personally Conducted Tours.

Globe-trotter—Did you ever travel on a personally-conducted tour?

Mr. Meekie—Often.

Globetrotter—Whom did you have for manager, usually?

Mr. Meekie—My wife.—N. Y. Weekly.

His Advice.

The modern athletic woman may be all right," he said, "but—"

He sighed and carefully readjusted the bandages.

"I wouldn't advise anyone to marry her."—Chicago Post.

A Pertinent Question.

"Kissing is dangerous," quoth he. She archly asked: "How soon, With due precaution, might one be Regarded as immune?"

—Washington Star.

Given by Her.

Singleton—Well, how do you take married life?

Benedict—According to directions.—N. Y. World.

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Not to Be Caught.

Buxom Widow (at evening party)—Do you understand the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty?

Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor)—No, ma'am.

Widow—You don't know if yellow means jealousy?

Dr. Crusty—No, ma'am. Yellow means biliousness!—Tit-Bits.

Not Up to Date.

Penelope—Patience is not up to date.

Patrice—You think not?

"I know not. She spoke of pulling her papa's leg for five dollars."

"Well, isn't that modern?"

"No, indeed; she should have said worked the pedal."—Yonkers Statesman.

Talking It Over.

British Lion—It's less trouble for you to make a meal off an enemy than it is for me.

American Eagle—Why?

British Lion—You don't have to pick your teeth afterward.—Chicago Tribune.

The Ring.

Mr. Pinney—What kind of an engagement ring would you prefer, darling?

Miss Dazzi—Well, they generally give me—I mean—oh, I am so confused; yours is such perfect taste, Constant, that I leave it all to you.—N. Y. Truth.

Maggie's Business.

Julia—Did you say Maggie is trying to get into business?

Jennie—Yes.

"What kind of business does she want to get into?"

"Everybody's."—Stray Stories.

Without a Doubt.

Lovell—isn't it wonderful that a woman should recover after having her stomach removed?

Peek—Yes; but I'll bet if her tongue had been taken out she would have died.

Up to Date.

A Constant Reminder.

Don't marry a woman who knows more than you!

If you do you will surely regret it; For this unwise fact you will find to be true:

That she never will let you forget it.—Up to Date.

IN SYMPATHY.

Cincinnati—It's a pity that you are not here.

Young—It's a pity that you are not here.

Old—It's a pity that

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L. GRINNAN, Artist.

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Arr Switzerland 6:30am 3:25pm
Arr Stamping Ground 7:00am 3:45pm
Arr Duvalis 7:00am 3:55pm
Arr Georgetown 7:00am 4:15pm
Arr Georgetown 8:00am 4:30pm
Arr Newtown 8:12am 4:42pm
Arr Centreville 8:22am 4:52pm
Arr Elizabeth 8:28am 4:58pm
Arr Paris 8:30am 5:10pm

WEST BOUND.

Leave Paris 9:30am 5:30pm
Arr Elizabethtown 9:32am 5:42pm
Arr Switzerland 9:33am 5:45pm
Arr Stamping Ground 9:38am 5:55pm
Arr Duvalis 10:00am 6:10pm
Arr Georgetown 10:40am 6:35pm
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Arr Switzerland 9:33am 5:45pm
Arr Stamping Ground 9:38am 5:55pm
Arr Duvalis 10:00am 6:10pm
Arr Georgetown 10:40am 6:35pm
Arr Georgetown 10:40am 6:35pm
Arr Newtown 11:25am 7:00pm
Arr Centreville 11:35am 7:15pm
Arr Elizabeth 11:55am 7:25pm

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